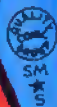


SUMMER
ISSUE
NO.15

BLACKHAWK



10¢

PATROLS
The **UNIVERSE!**





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FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN COMICS

THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



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OF
ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

HIT COMICS

NATIONAL COMICS

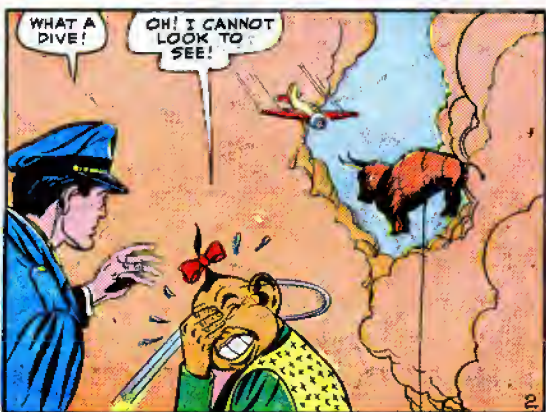
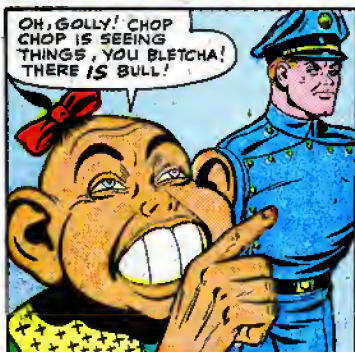
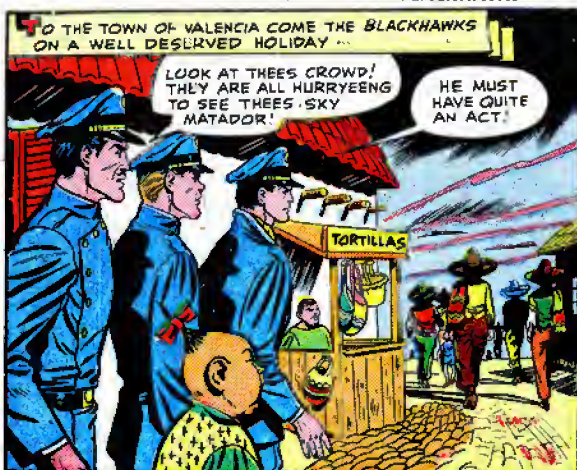
BLACKHAWK

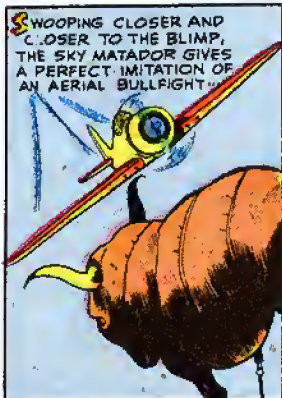


Known to all is the fame of the **BLACKHAWKS**, brotherhood of sky-fighters for justice! Far and wide they range to battle against crime and tyranny.....

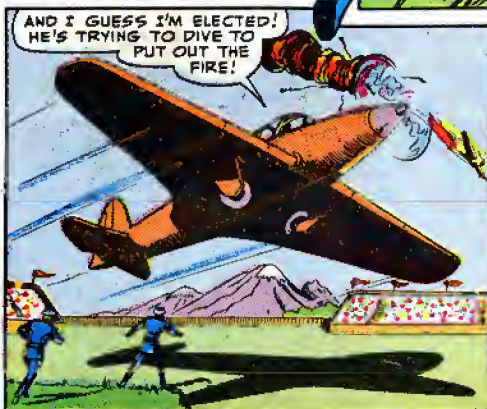
But never before have they met an opponent quite so unusual as the man, who called himself

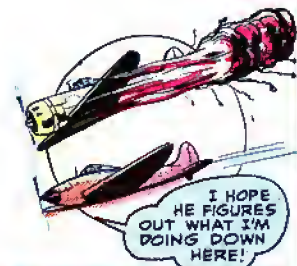
THE SKY MATADOR!



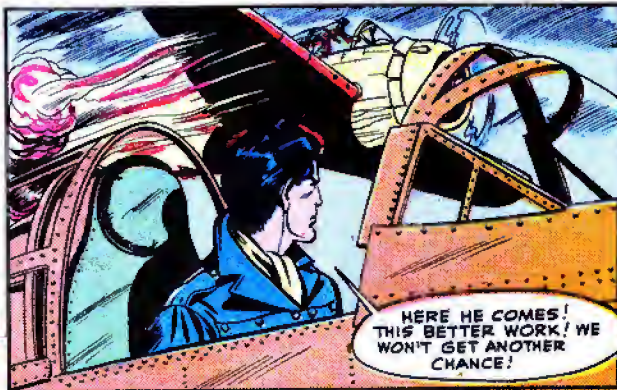


NOW I GET IT! WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR THE KILL, HE'LL FIRE A STREAM OF INCENDIARY BULLETS INTO THE BLIMP! IT'S DANGEROUS, BUT....





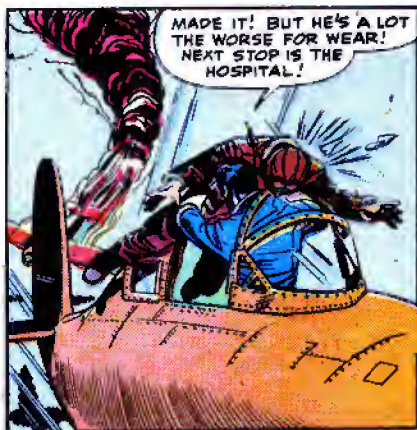
I HOPE HE FIGURES OUT WHAT I'M DOING DOWN HERE!



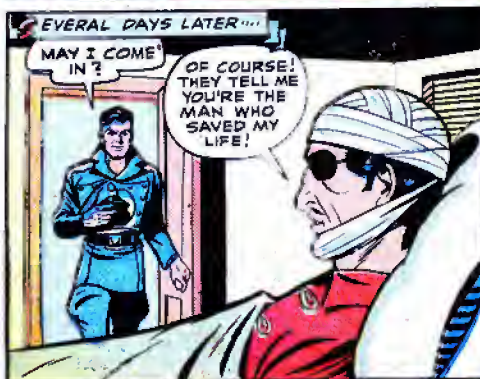
HERE HE COMES! THIS BETTER WORK! WE WON'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE!



JUMP!



MADE IT! BUT HE'S A LOT THE WORSE FOR WEAR! NEXT STOP IS THE HOSPITAL!



FEVERAL DAYS LATER....

MAY I COME IN?

OF COURSE! THEY TELL ME YOU'RE THE MAN WHO SAVED MY LIFE!



I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU! I'D SHAKE HANDS, BUT....

I DIDN'T COME HERE FOR THANKS! I'VE GOT BAD NEWS! YOUR DOCTOR THOUGHT YOU'D RATHER HEAR IT FROM A FELLOW FLYER!

YOU'VE BEEN PRETTY WELL BANGED UP! IN FACT, YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FLY AGAIN!

YOU'RE MAD! NO ONE CAN STOP ME FROM FLYING! IT'S MY LIFE!



YOU COULDN'T PASS THE PHYSICAL EXAM! I'M SORRY!

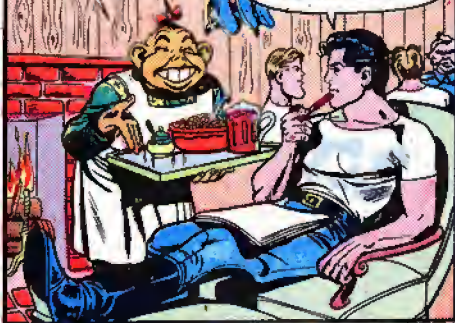
I DON'T NEED YOUR PITY! I WAS FAMOUS AND I WILL BE AGAIN! THE SKY MATADOR ISN'T FINISHED!



LATER, ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND....

WHAT'S A MATTER? YOU NO LIKE EAT DINNER?

I'M NOT HUNGRY, CHOP. I'VE JUST BEEN READING THE NEWSPAPER FROM THE MAINLAND!



IS VELLY SILLY TO WOLLY! THAT PAPER PLACTICALLY MONTH OLD ALREADY!

I KNOW! BUT IT CONTAINS AN ITEM ABOUT THE SKY MATADOR! HE WAS JUST REFUSED A PILOT'S LICENSE BECAUSE AFTER THE ACCIDENT HE COULDN'T MEET THE PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS!



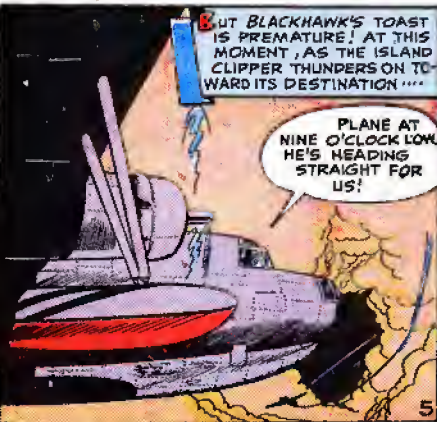
I PROPOSE A TOAST, GENTLEMEN, TO A GREAT FLYER WHO WILL NEVER FLY AGAIN... THE SKY MATADOR!

WE'LL ALL DRINK TO THAT!



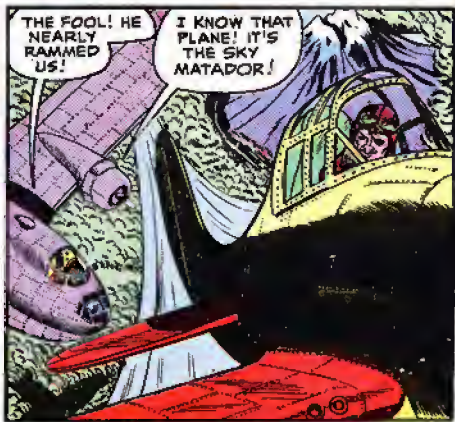
BUT BLACKHAWK'S TOAST IS PREMATURE! AT THIS MOMENT, AS THE ISLAND CLIPPER THUNDERS ON TOWARD ITS DESTINATION....

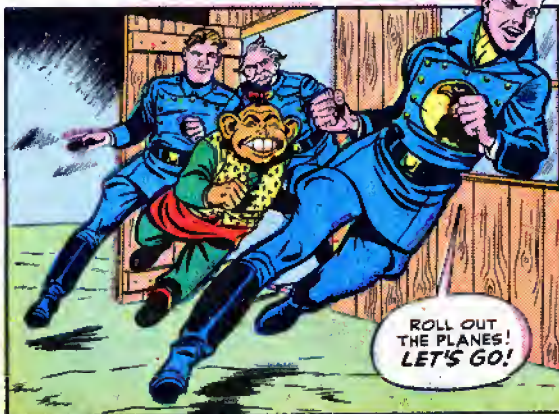
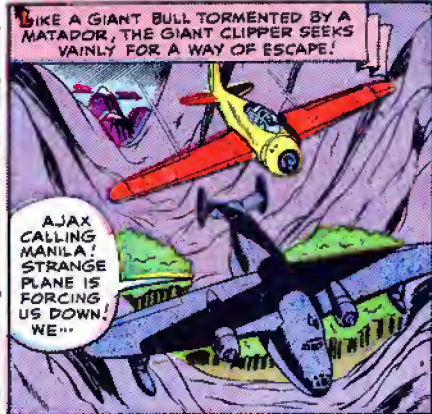
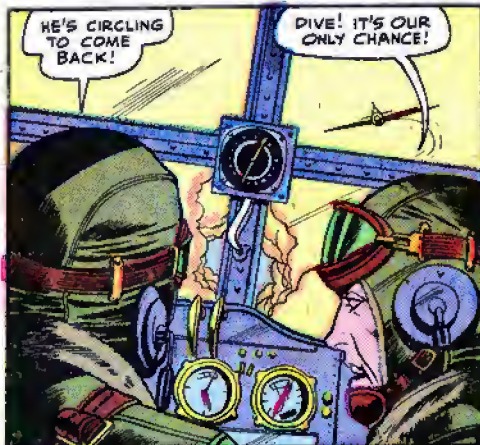
PLANE AT NINE O'CLOCK LOW. HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR US!

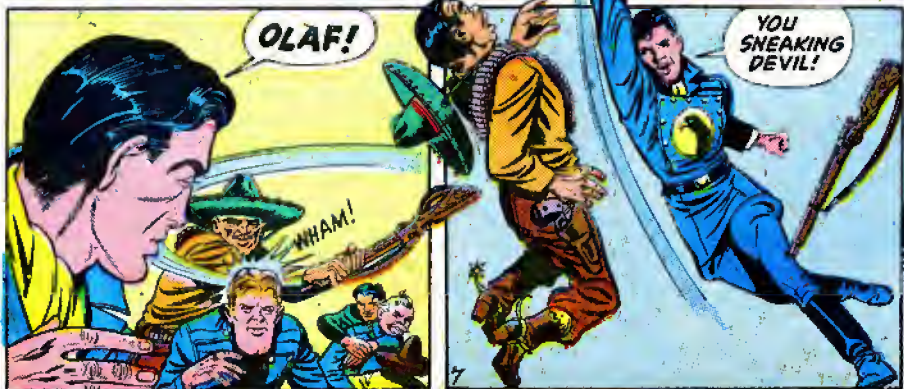


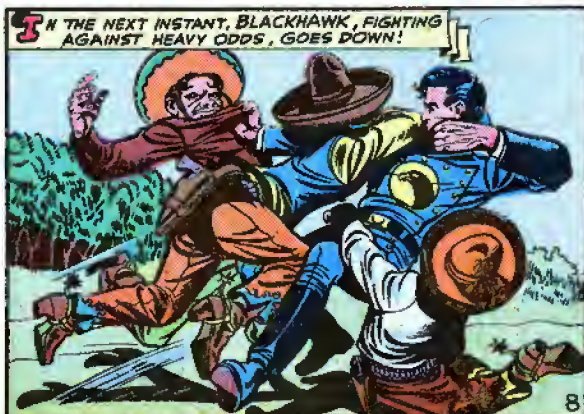
THE FOOL! HE NEARLY RAMMED US!

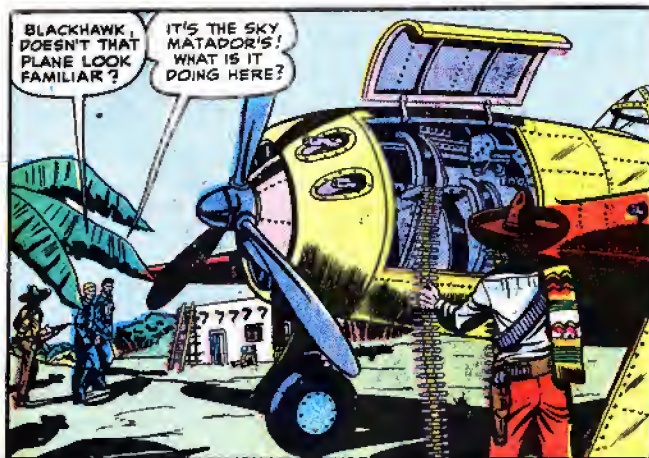
I KNOW THAT PLANE! IT'S THE SKY MATADOR!



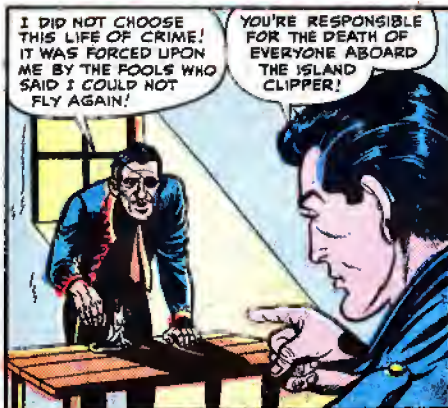






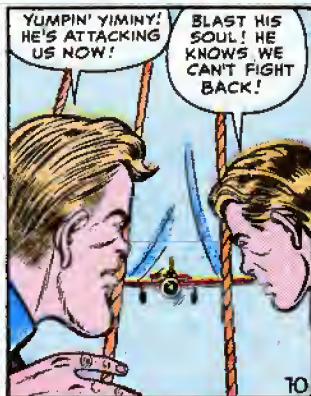
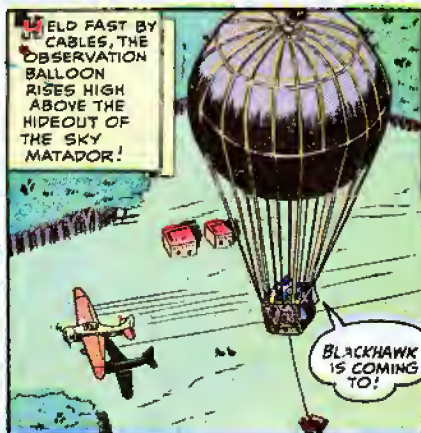


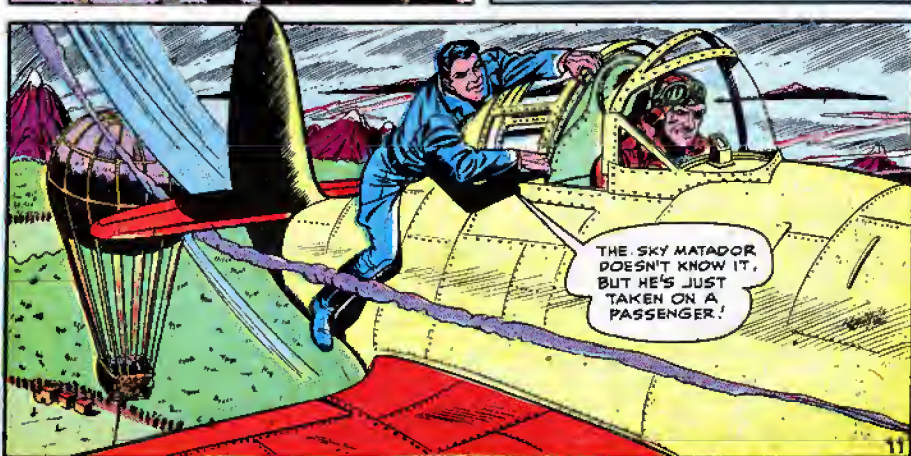
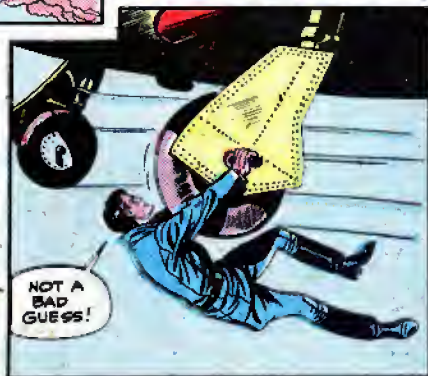
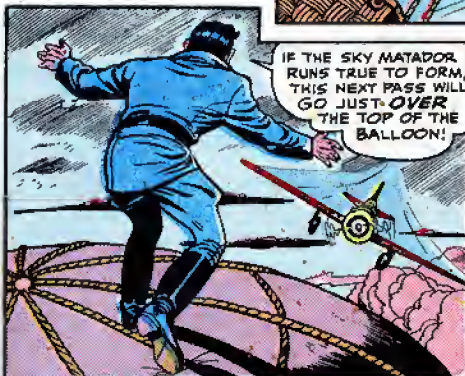
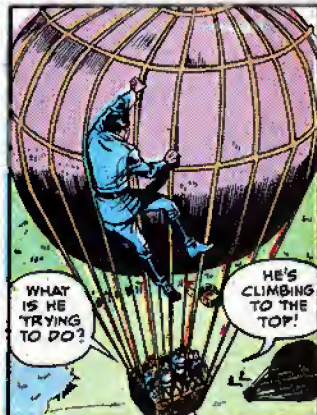
SPEAK CAREFULLY, MY FRIEND! YOUR LIFE IS AT MY DISPOSAL! AND I AM NOT THE MOST PATIENT MAN IN THE WORLD!

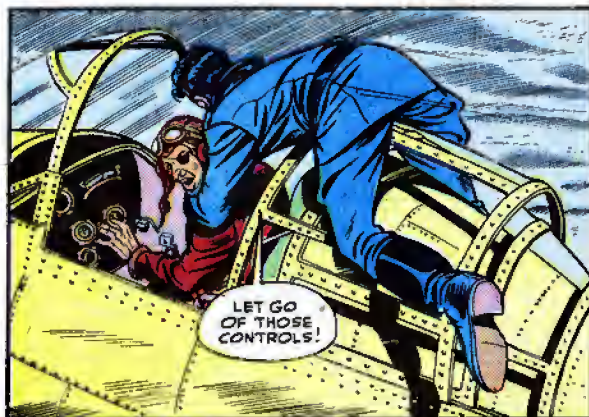


YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF EVERYONE ABOARD THE ISLAND CLIPPER!

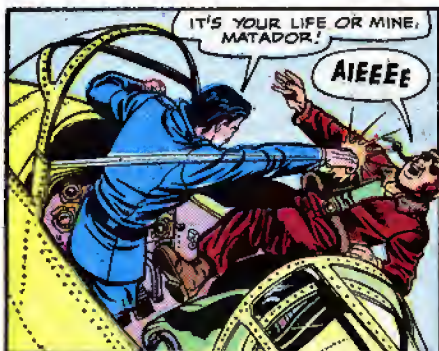








As THE PLANE TWISTS AND TURNS IN A DEATH DIVE, TWO MEN BATTLE TO A FINISH.....



LATER... ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND....

TO A JOB WELL DONE! THIS TIME WE KNOW THAT THE SKY MATADOR WILL NEVER FLY AGAIN!

MAIS CERTAINEMENT! THEES EES WAN TIME THE BULL PROVE TOUGHER THAN ZE MATADOR, N'EST CE PAS?



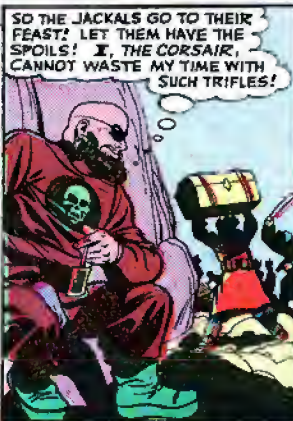
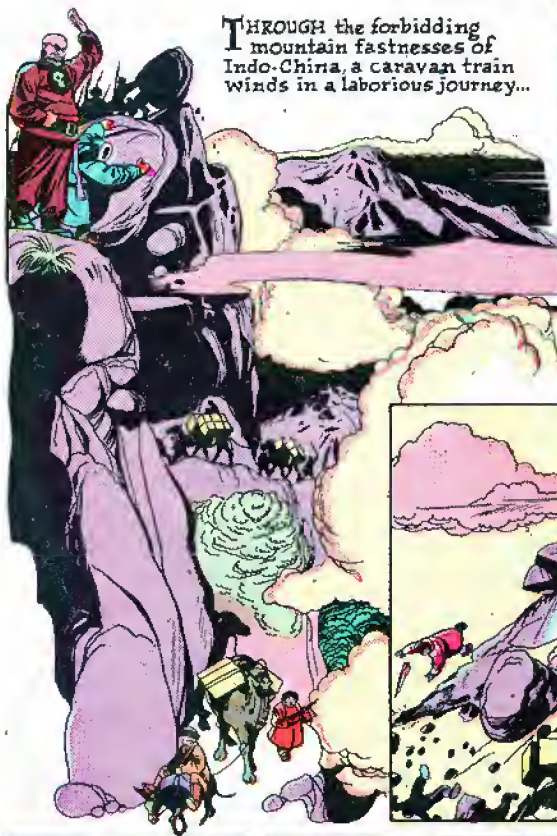
BLACKHAWK



Through the ancient, terrible mountains, where only winding caravan routes led into the interior, was heard a new and dreadful sound: the blood-cry of *The CORSAIR'S* men!

And high above the clouds, in an island fortress suspended in the air, *The CORSAIR* lived ...defying *The Blackhawks* to seek him out and match the winged menace of **THE ISLAND IN THE SKY!**

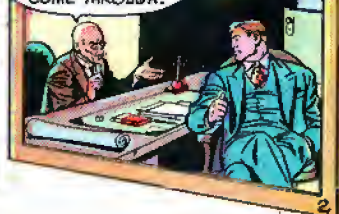
THROUGH the forbidding mountain fastnesses of Indo-China, a caravan train winds in a laborious journey...



While, in the offices of **TRANS-CHINA AIRWAYS...**

THE PEOPLE OF MY POOR COUNTRY LACK THE NECESSITIES OF LIFE! FOR CENTURIES WE HAVE DEPENDED UPON IMPORTS TO SUSTAIN US! NOW THE CARAVANS FAIL TO COME THROUGH!

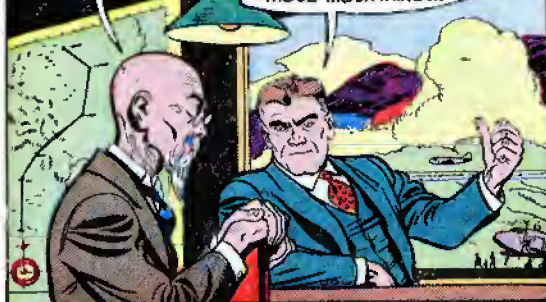
AND YOU WANT US TO TAKE IN SUPPLIES BY AIR?



ONLY SO WE CAN SURVIVE! YOU CANNOT REFUSE!

I'VE TAKEN ON A LOT OF TOUGH JOBS IN MY TIME! BUT THIS ONE HAS ME STUMPED! THE PILOT DOESN'T LIVE WHO COULD FLY A PLANE OVER THOSE MOUNTAINS...

...UNLESS HE WAS A MEMBER OF THE BLACKHAWKS! I'LL RADIO THEM ON THEIR ISLAND! IF THEY'LL TAKE THE JOB, YOUR SUPPLIES WILL GET THROUGH!



On Blackhawk Island...

THAT'S THE STORY, FELLOWS! SHALL WE TAKE ON THE JOB OF FLYING THE STUFF IN?

WE MUST, BLACKHAWK! ZEEES PEOPLE NEED OUR HELP!



GOOD! YOU AND STANISLAUS WILL GO FIRST! WE'LL FOLLOW AT REGULAR TWENTY-FOUR HOUR INTERVALS!

BIEN! WE'LL TAKE OUR PLANES TO ZE LOADING DEPOTS NOW!



Through routes no other airman would dare to go, Andre and Stanislaus press on toward their goal in the interior...

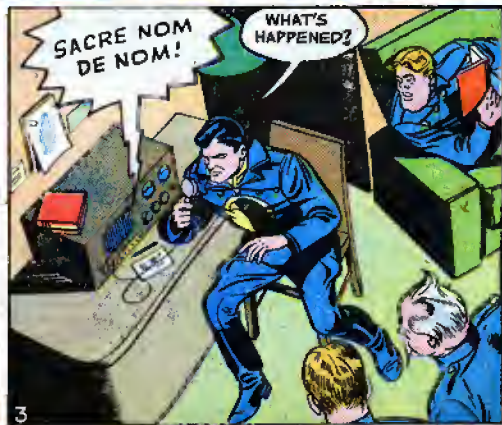


NOTHEENG EXCITEENG HAS HAPPEN SO FAR! ZERE EES ONLY A HUNDRED MILES TO GO, AND ZEN...



SACRE NOM DE NOM!

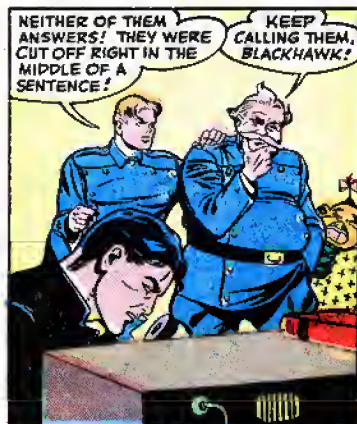
WHAT'S HAPPENED?





ANDRE'S BEEN CUT OFF!
THERE'S NO ANSWER!
BLACKHAWK CALLING
ANDRE! OVER!

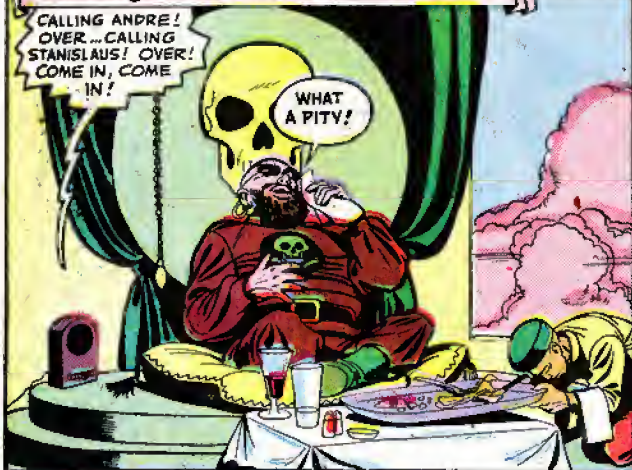
BLACKHAWK CALLING
STANISLAUS! COME IN
NOW...COME IN! OVER!



NEITHER OF THEM
ANSWERS! THEY WERE
CUT OFF RIGHT IN THE
MIDDLE OF A
SENTENCE!

KEEP
CALLING THEM,
BLACKHAWK!

At *The Corsair's* headquarters, Blackhawk's
frantic signals are intercepted....

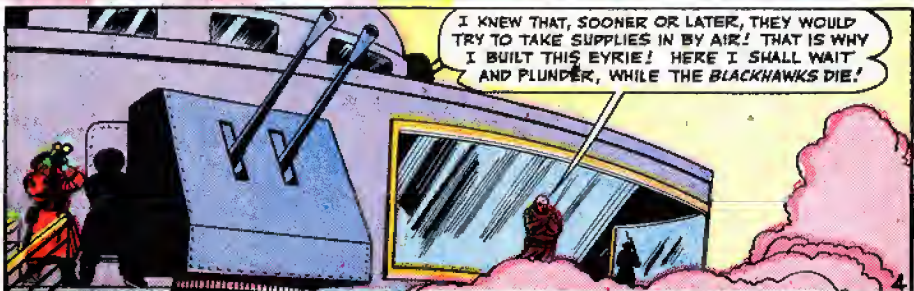


CALLING ANDRE!
OVER...CALLING
STANISLAUS! OVER!
COME IN, COME
IN!

WHAT
A PITY!

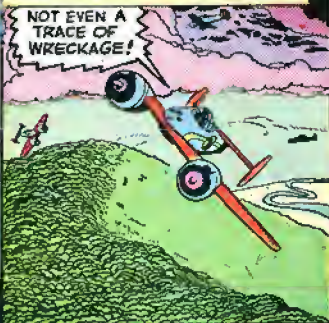


HE'LL NEVER SEE HIS
FRIENDS AGAIN! NOT
EVEN THE MIGHTY
BLACKHAWK CAN
DEFY ME! I'VE
PREPARED
TOO WELL!

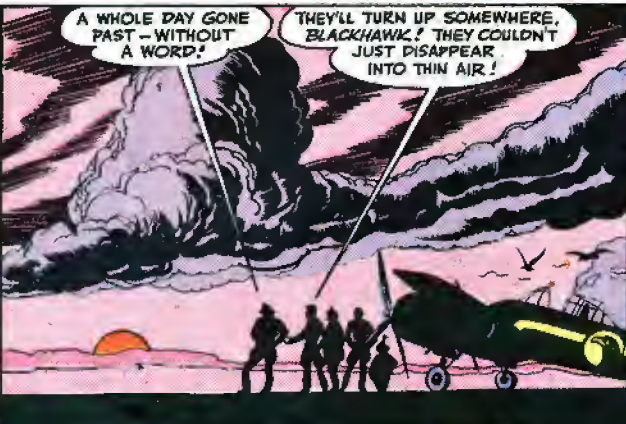


I KNEW THAT, SOONER OR LATER, THEY WOULD
TRY TO TAKE SUPPLIES IN BY AIR! THAT IS WHY
I BUILT THIS EYRIE! HERE I SHALL WAIT
AND PLUNDER, WHILE THE BLACKHAWKS DIE!

Far and wide, the remaining Blackhawks search for their lost comrades....



IT'S FANTASTIC! WE'VE SCoured THIS TERRITORY FOR MILES! WE KNOW THIS IS WHERE ANDRE AND STANISLAUS DISAPPEARED!

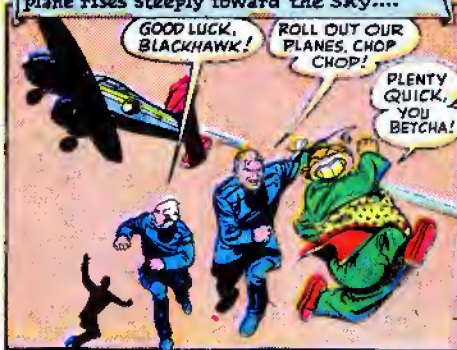


In the chill of early morning, *Blackhawk's* plane rises steeply toward the sky....

GOOD LUCK, BLACKHAWK!

ROLL OUT OUR PLANES, CHOP CHOP!

PLENTY QUICK, YOU BETCHA!



I DIDN'T STOP AT THE LOADING DEPOT! I WON'T LOAD DOWN THE PLANE WITH SUPPLIES ON THIS TRIP! I MAY NEED ALL THE MANEUVERABILITY I CAN GET!



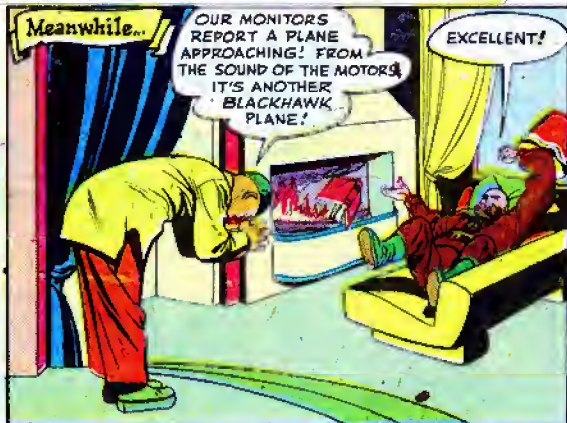
I WONDER WHAT LIES AHEAD FOR ME?



Meanwhile...

OUR MONITORS REPORT A PLANE APPROACHING! FROM THE SOUND OF THE MOTORS, IT'S ANOTHER BLACKHAWK PLANE!

EXCELLENT!



THIS WILL BE BLACKHAWK HIMSELF! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO A MEETING WITH HIM! NOW HE SHALL DISCOVER THE CORSAIR'S SECRET!

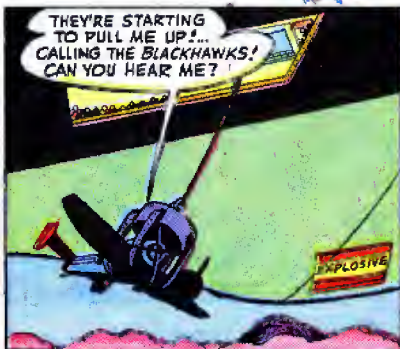
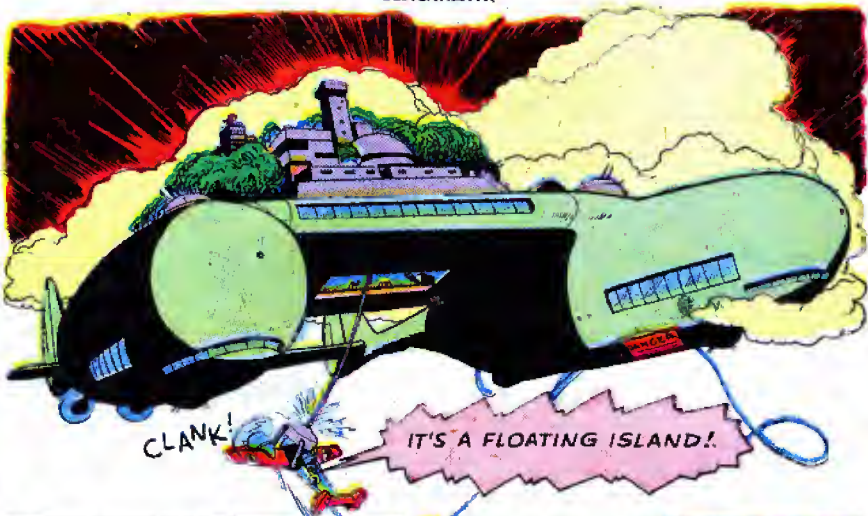


A QUIET TRIP, SO FAR! I MUST BE GETTING NEAR THE SPOT WHERE ANDRE ...

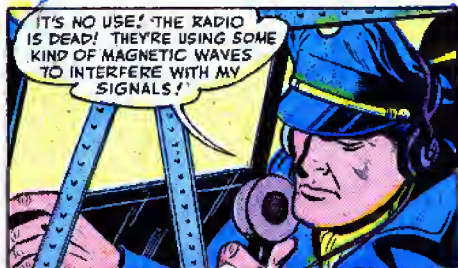


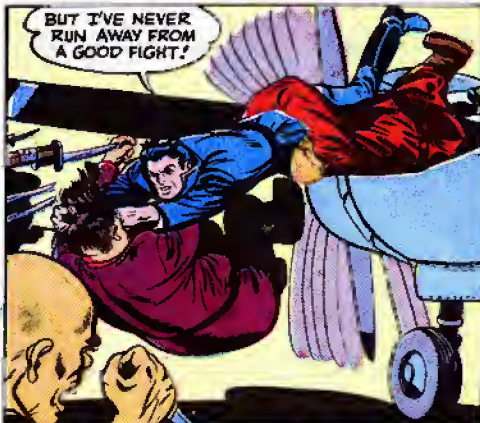
GOOD GLORY! WHAT'S THAT?





Through an open hatchway, *Blackhawk* and his plane are lifted to the surface of the weird island







SO WE MEET
AT LAST,
BLACKHAWK!



YOU HAVE MET YOUR MATCH IN
THE CORSAIR... JUST AS YOUR
FRIENDS DID!

ANDRE
AND
STANISLAUS!
ARE THEY
HERE, TOO?



I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO
RENEW AN OLD ACQUAINTANCEHIP.
SO I SENT FOR THEM! AS YOU CAN
SEE, THEY HAVE BEEN WELL
TREATED HERE....



YOU DEVIL!
YOU'VE
TORTURED
THEM!

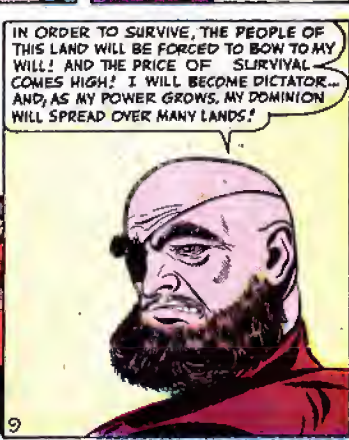


STILL IMPETUOUS,
EH, BLACKHAWK?
BUT YOU WILL
LEARN YOUR
LESSON!

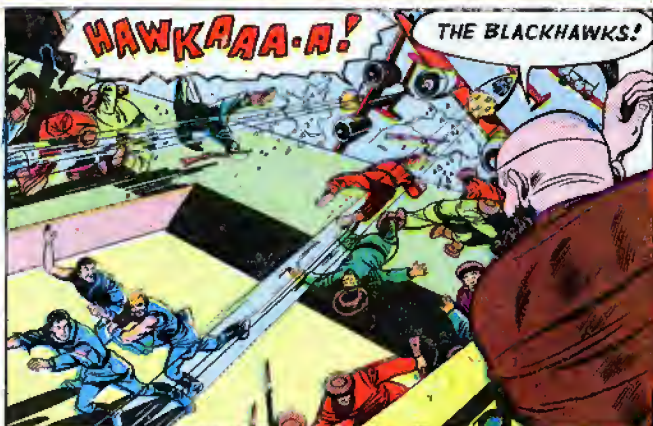
OH
H H
H H
H H

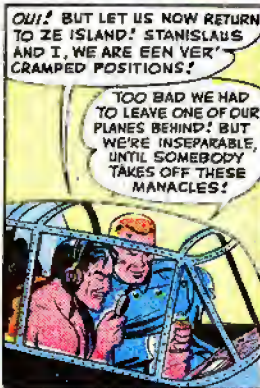
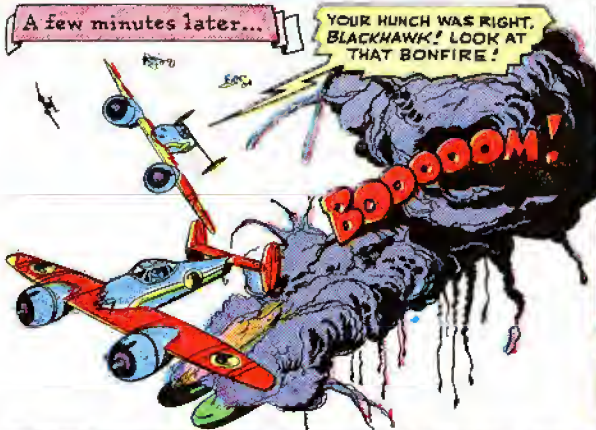
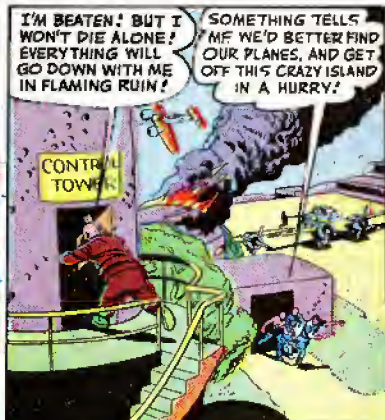


YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL
DIE! AND NO SUPPLIES WILL
EVER REACH THE INTERIOR...
EXCEPT BY PERMISSION
OF THE CORSAIR! CAN
YOU GUESS WHAT
WILL HAPPEN
THEN?



IN ORDER TO SURVIVE, THE PEOPLE OF
THIS LAND WILL BE FORCED TO BOW TO MY
WILL! AND THE PRICE OF SURVIVAL
COMES HIGH! I WILL BECOME DICTATOR...
AND, AS MY POWER GROWS, MY DOMINION
WILL SPREAD OVER MANY LANDS!





CHOP CHOP

SWAHN!
I'M NOTHING
BUT A
WORTHLESS
FAILURE!

POST
NO
BILLS

PLEASE! YOU NOT FLAILURE!
YOU TLEACH CHOP CHOP
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
LIGHT AND
LONG!

IN A CERTAIN WARM REGION, NOT
TOO FAR AWAY...

YOUR MAJESTY,
SUMP'NS GOTTA
BE DONE ABOUT
THE MANPOWER
SHORTAGE! WE'VE
HADDA CLOSE
FIVE FURNACES
FOR LACK OF
COAL
SHOVELERS!

YOU'RE TELLING
ME! AND IT'S ALL
THE FAULT OF THOSE
BLACKHAWKS!
THEY MOP UP MY
BEST EVIL AND
TEACH PEOPLE TO
BE GOOD!
BAH!

@@@!!*! HOW CAN I UNDER-
MINE THEM WHEN THEY WON'T
EVEN SPEAK TO ME? BUT
THERE MUST BE A WAY! BRING
ME THE BLACKHAWK
FILE!

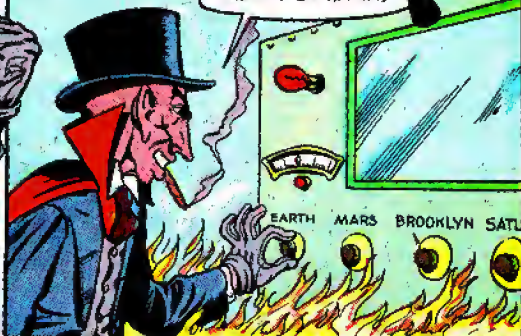
AH-HA! THEY DO HAVE
A WEAK POINT... THAT
CHINESE BOY, CHOP
CHOP! HE'S RASH,
IMPULSIVE, EASILY
INFLUENCED... AND
VERY FRIENDLY!
HEH-HEH!



IF I CAN LEAD HIM ASTRAY, I'LL UNDERMINE THE INFLUENCE OF THE WHOLE BLACKHAWK BAND! TO BETTER HANDLE THIS JOB PERSONALLY!

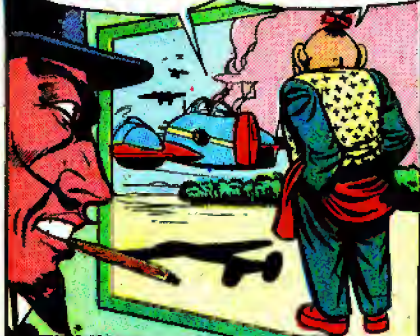


I'LL LOOK IN ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND BY TELEVISION! IF THE COAST IS CLEAR, I CAN GET BUSY RIGHT AWAY! HA-HA-HA!



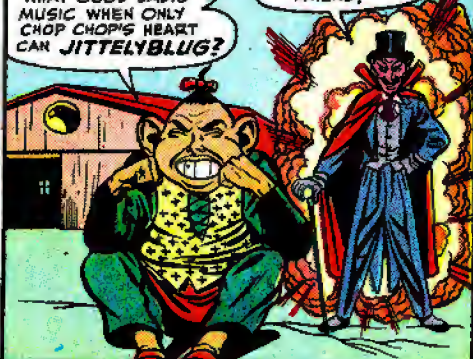
KEEP AN EYE ON THE ISLAND, CHOP CHOP! WE'LL BE BACK IN A DAY OR TWO!

OH, WOE! WHY CHOP CHOP ALLUS HAVE TO BE PAL THEY LEAVE BEHIND?



LISTEN TO LADIO, BLACKHAWK SAY! WHAT GOOD LADIO MUSIC WHEN ONLY CHOP CHOP'S HEART CAN JITTELYBLUG?

AHEM! GOOD AFTERNOON, MY HANDSOME FRIEND!



AWK! VISITOR TO ISLAND! HOW GLET HERE? WHERE YOU COME FROM?

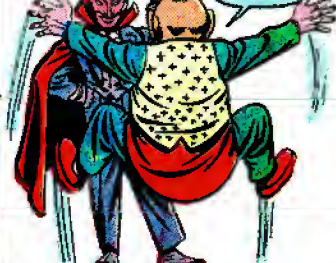
ER... YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU! BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT!

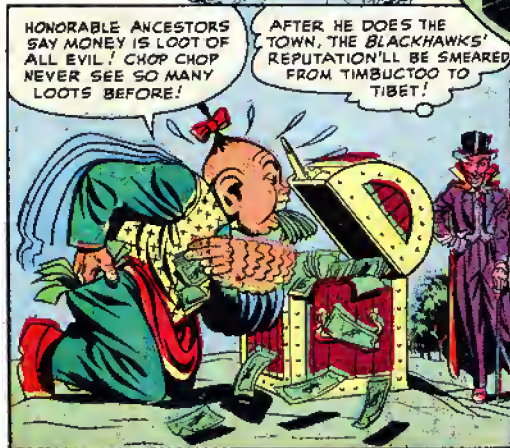
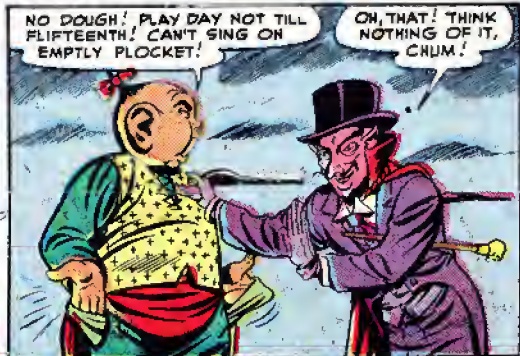
NO?

NO! THE POINT, BROTHER, IS WHERE WE GO! I WAS WISHING FOR SOMEONE TO HELP ME CELEBRATE... AND THEN I SAW YOU!

WE'LL HIT THE NEAREST BIG CITY AND PAINT IT RED, BOY! WINE, WOMEN AND SONG!

YIPPEE! DLOODLE! IS NOTHING CHOP CHOP LIKE BETTER THAN GOOD SONG!





BY THE WAY, CHUM, FOLKS CALL ME NICK... OR SOMETIMES BEELZEBUB!

ME CHOP CHOP! CHOP CHOP LIKE BEELZEBUB! CALL YOU **BLUB** FOR SHORT!



An oriental city, noted for its forbidden pleasures...

HERE YOU ARE, CHOP CHOP... MY FAVORITE CITY! IN FACT, YOU MIGHT SAY I PRACTICALLY MADE THE PLACE!

BLOY, OH BLOY!

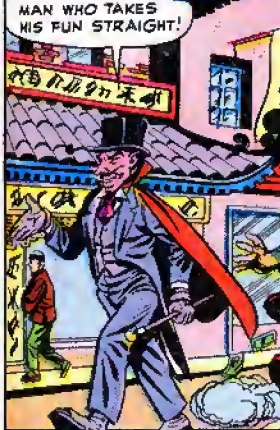


LET'S GLO, BLUB! TELL LOVELY LADIES CHOP CHOP LEADY FOR THEM!

THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE TO HEAR YOU TALK, PAL!



YES, SIR, CHOP CHOP! I LIKE TO GO OUT WITH A MAN WHO TAKES HIS FUN STRAIGHT!



PSST!

ULP! WOO-WOO!

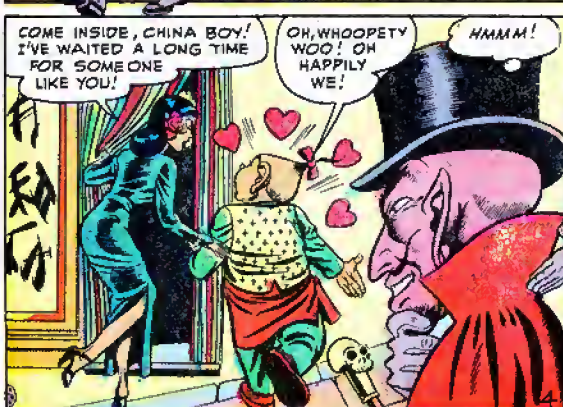
THESE SISSIES WHO WANNA HOLD BACK GIVE ME A PAIN IN... HUH? WHERE'D HE GO?



COME INSIDE, CHINA BOY! I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR SOMEONE LIKE YOU!

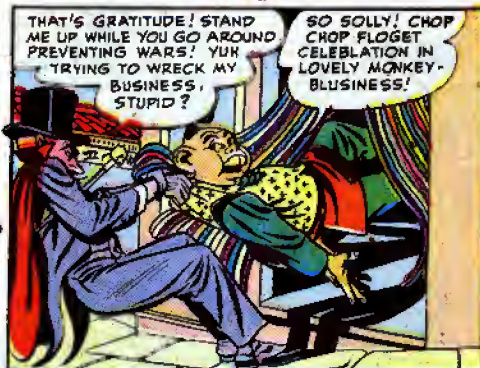
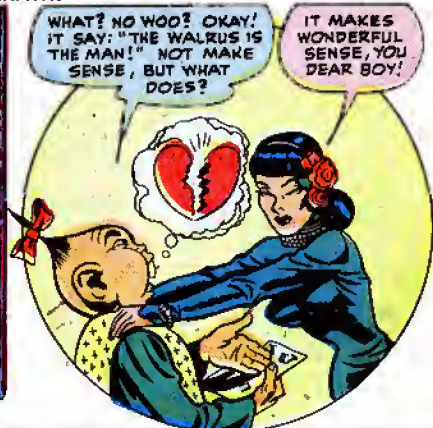
OH, WHOOPETY WOO! OH HAPPILY WE!

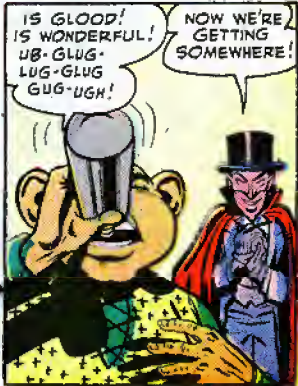
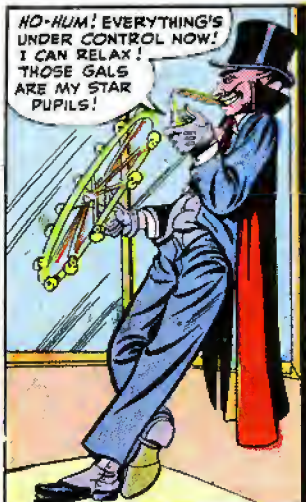
HAMMM!

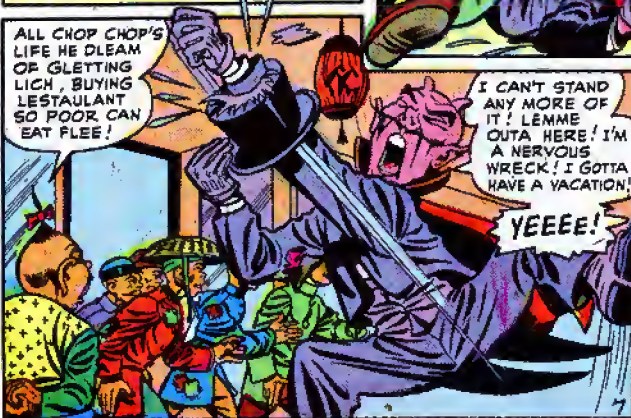


MAYBE I UNDERESTIMATED THE KID! OH, WELL... WHO CARES HOW IT HAPPENS? JUST SO IT HAPPENS!





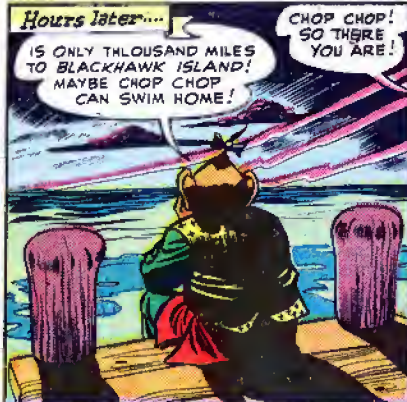




Hours later...

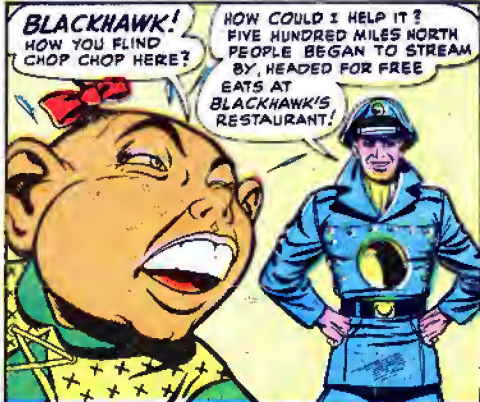
IS ONLY THLOUSAND MILES
TO BLACKHAWK ISLAND!
MAYBE CHOP CHOP
CAN SWIM HOME!

CHOP CHOP!
SO THERE
YOU ARE!



BLACKHAWK!
HOW YOU FLIND
CHOP CHOP HERE?

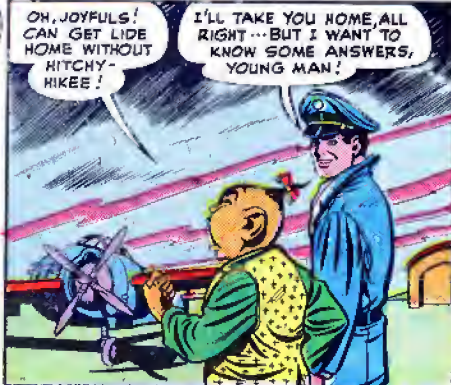
HOW COULD I HELP IT?
FIVE HUNDRED MILES NORTH
PEOPLE BEGAN TO STREAM
BY, HEADED FOR FREE
EATS AT
BLACKHAWK'S
RESTAURANT!



I FLEW HERE AS FAST
AS I COULD TO FIND OUT
WHAT WAS GOING ON!
THEY GAVE ME YOUR
DESCRIPTION AT THE
RESTAURANT!

OH, JOYFULS!
CAN GET LIDE
HOME WITHOUT
HITCHY-
HIKEE!

I'LL TAKE YOU HOME, ALL
RIGHT... BUT I WANT TO
KNOW SOME ANSWERS,
YOUNG MAN!

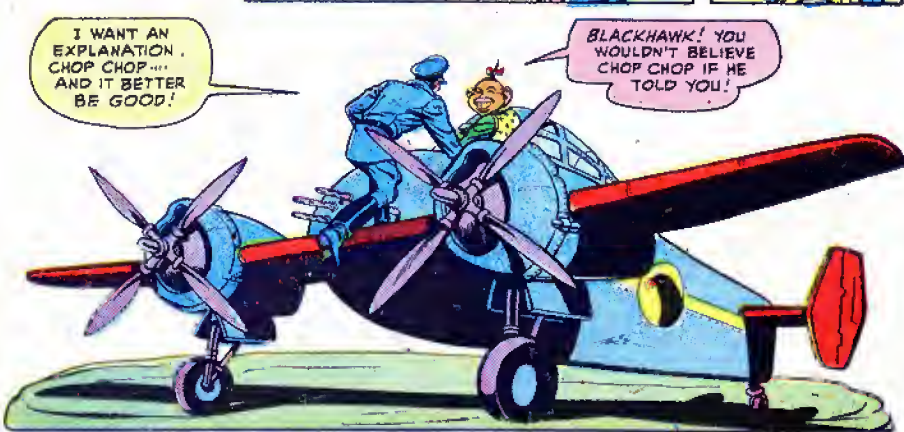


WE LEFT YOU ON
BLACKHAWK ISLAND
WITH NO BOAT, NO
PLANE, NO MONEY!
A FEW HOURS LATER
YOU'RE HERE, BUYING
A RESTAURANT AND
PUTTING UP A MILLION
DOLLARS TO FEED
THE POOR!



I WANT AN
EXPLANATION,
CHOP CHOP...
AND IT BETTER
BE GOOD!

BLACKHAWK! YOU
WOULDN'T BELIEVE
CHOP CHOP IF HE
TOLD YOU!



VICTIM No. 13

THE White Angel outpost of the famed Canadian Mounties was a buzz of excitement. Inspector McLeod had been sent out to uncover a long-standing mystery more than three months ago. He had not returned.

"Should have been here six weeks ago," said the chief dully. "If I thought those darn Indians—"

Sgt. MacLain shook his head. "I don't think it's the Indians, Chief," he said quietly. "They just don't operate that way."

"I know," replied the chief. "But what the devil is happening to those men?"

"One woman, too," reminded the sergeant softly. "Remember Aggie Yellow Hand . . . about two years ago now, I believe."

The chief remembered. "Yeah. Followed her husband when he didn't come back—"

Gloom was patent at headquarters. The great mystery had hung over the Northwest for several years, ever since, back in 1925, Kurt Blaine, a geologist, had failed to return after a trek into the wilds of the Nahanni River. A round dozen men had followed after him. None of them had ever returned. No clue had ever been found of their disappearance.

John Yellow Hand, Aggie's husband, had been the only Indian to take the long trail. Everyone thought he would be successful where the others might have failed. He was a famed tracker. But John Yellow Hand had not come back. Nor had Aggie.

Now the Mounted Police were in it. Inspector McLeod was one of the most competent men on the Force. He had solved many cases over the years, never having encountered any situation beyond his ability.

"Of course," said the chief, "McLeod may simply be extending his investigation a bit longer. Although his orders were to return at a specified time. That time was up five-six weeks ago."

Anok, the Indian orderly, stepped into the office. He had a pen in his hand, and ink daubed his brown fingers. "How shall I fill in the record, sir?" he asked the chief. "About Inspector McLeod, I mean."

The chief looked up. "Ah—Hm. Just leave it blank for the time, Anok." He looked at Sgt. MacLain questioningly. "Give him a little more time before we give him up as lost, eh?"

The sergeant nodded. That's all there was to do. Although both men were certain McLeod was lost forever.

"Just what did those first chaps go out for in the Nahanni country?" asked the sergeant.

"Gold," said the chief. "It's gold country, and there's silver and platinum, too!"

"But how does anyone know that there is gold there, when no one has ever come back?" the sergeant wanted to know.

"Well," said the chief, "nobody of course knows for sure. But all that territory has yielded gold, and the other metals. Assumption, though, if you want to put it that way."

"Then," said Sgt. MacLain, "there is the chance that it is something else the first ones went after, instead of gold."

The chief nodded. "But what?"

"Has anybody ever found diamonds, or other gems in that country?" asked MacLain.

"Never heard of it. I don't know."

"Interesting speculation," went on the sergeant. "I'd like to make that trek, Chief."

The chief looked at his young sergeant. Good man, all right. Tried and true, to use an old cliché. Had his spurs. Level-headed. Quiet. Maybe—

"You mean it, MacLain?"

"Emphatically. I have a funny idea. I'd like to give it a whirl. How about sending me, Chief?"

The older man pondered. "All right, MacLain. When do you want to start?"

"Now."

MacLain got away that afternoon. It was late August. The weather would hold good for several weeks. Long enough for him to reach the Nahanni River territory and do some exploring. Somehow, Sgt. MacLain felt that he would find something interesting.

He passed an encampment of Cree Indians late that afternoon, a few miles west of headquarters. They, too, were on their way to the northwest. Trappers. He spent a few minutes with them, drank some tea. Then he rose and picked up his pack and rifle.

"You hunt man?" asked the chief of the little tribe.

MacLain grinned. "Lots of men," he said. "I go to the Nahanni River country. Many men go there. Not come back. You know about?"

The Indian nodded. "Devil up there. No go, Indians. Bad man live there. Devil. Luck—you!"

They parted.

Nearly four weeks later, MacLain was in the fabulous Nahanni River region. It was a vast flat plain, with a range of low craggy hills far

to the north. Half of the plain was covered by an immense ice sheet that moved inexorably to the south, a few inches a year.

MacLain stopped and stared at the miles of gleaming ice. It was a comparatively thin sheet, about fifty feet, through, but lay over an area many square miles in extent. Millions of years old. History was recorded somewhere within its shimmering vastness. It had been there when this region was semi-tropical; rather, it had come soon afterward, when the whole land turned bitter cold.

Huge prehistoric beasts had roamed the land then. Many of them were buried in that very glacier. MacLain recalled the scientists who had chipped a mammoth steak out of a glacier in Alaska. That steak, which had been tender and palatable, was several millions of years old!

Did this glacier contain such things?

MacLain spent three days tramping over the terrain in the vicinity of the glacier's southern edge. He found the remains of two campfires, a few bones. They were animal bones, not human, he thought. And that was all.

On the morning of the fourth day along the Nahanni, a terrific blizzard swept across the wild tundra. MacLain was hard put trying to find a bit of shelter, but at length came across a small cave.

He built a fire and set a pot on the flames for tea. The wind whooped and shrieked like banshees, and not until evening did it fall enough for him to go in search of more wood.

When he returned and built up the fire, and had dinner, he began exploring the cavern. It stretched a hundred feet, then came up against a solid stone wall.

Odd, he thought, I've never heard of this cave. Nor have I ever found another cave like it. Caves are not plentiful in this part of the frozen world.

It was when he was returning again to his fire that he caught sight of something glittering in a dark corner. He gathered it up. It was a gold watch with the initials J. L. engraved upon

its back. J. L. MacLain pondered. Then he remembered. J. L. That would mean John Lander, the first man who came to the Nahanni River country. John and his brother, Neil.

How did the watch get here in the cave? What had happened to John and Neil Lander? There was nothing else that spoke of humanity ever having occupied the cave. MacLain searched, digging up a large area with his camp axe. But he found nothing else. He wound the watch and was startled when it began ticking.

He was running short of grub. So the next morning he went out in search of game. He shot two ptarmagin, or snow birds, toward noon and immediately built a fire and roasted them. Ptarmagin are good eating if they are young. These two were old—but still they tasted good to a half-famished man.

MacLain knew that he would be unable to pot any large game in this region; too far north. Reindeer and caribou didn't roam this far up. But he figured he might spot a musk ox; they hang out far into the Arctic Circle.

But fate was to play the dice her own way. Just after noon he came to the foot of the glacier and halted for a look at the huge sheet of ice that was slowly moving southward. He Climbed up on the ice and began a slow progress over it. He noted that it was perfectly transparent where the snow had been blown off its surface. When he had walked about a half mile, he suddenly stopped, peering downward.

It was like looking through a magnifying glass. The ice enlarged things buried deep within it. But what was that he saw? A man! Two men! He began digging frantically. After a couple hours' hard work he had the two men out. They were middle-aged. He found a wallet and in it several letters addressed to "John Lander." So this was what had happened to those lads! He knew then what had occurred. Everyone who had come to this place had died somehow and been absorbed by the glacier, buried forever within its icy silence.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1911, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF BLACKHAWK, published quarterly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1946.

State of Connecticut)
County of Fairfield) ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the BLACKHAWK and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1911, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George C. Brennan, 115 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point,

Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Comic Magazine, Inc., 323 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

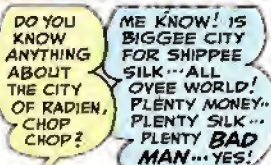
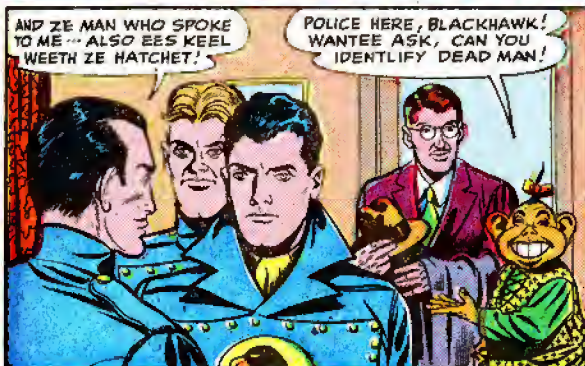
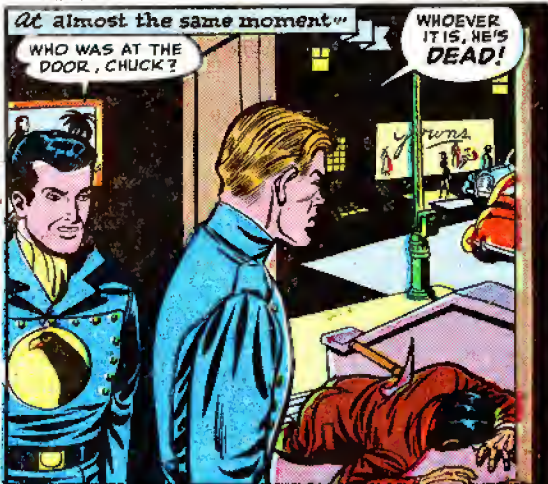
EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1946.
LOUIS J. KUBIANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1949.)

BLACKHAWK

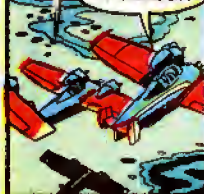
A slim clue leads the **BLACKHAWKS** to a den of sinister evil and robbery in the far city of Radien, where they face the murderous threat of **the HATCHETS of HONGO!**





THERE'S ONLY A SLIGHT CONNECTION BETWEEN THOSE THREE VICTIMS, BLACKHAWK!

RIGHT! BUT IT MAY LEAD US TO THE HIDING PLACE OF MURDER!



AIRPORT IN SIGHT ON OUSKIRTS! PREPARE TO LAND!

ROGER!

BLACKHAWK! SUCH DISTINGUISHED COMPANY HONORS OUR CITY! I SHALL INFORM THE GOVERNOR ... THE WEALTHY MERCHANTS!

PLEASE DON'T, SIR!



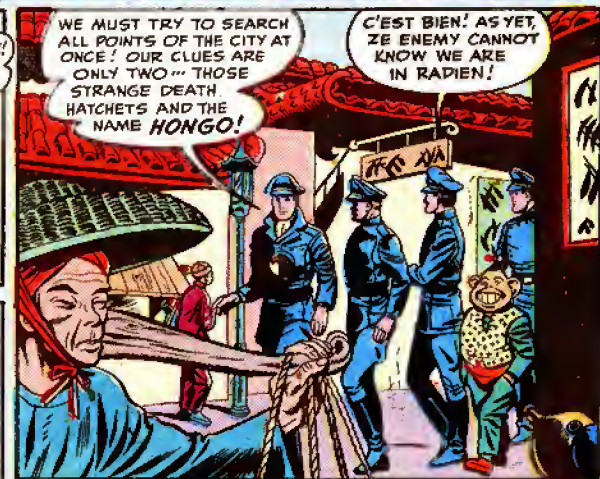
WE'RE HERE ON AN IMPORTANT SECRET MISSION! IT'S BEST THAT NOBODY KNOW!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, BLACKHAWK! I'LL TELL NOTHING AND HELP ANY WAY I CAN!



WE MUST TRY TO SEARCH ALL POINTS OF THE CITY AT ONCE! OUR CLUES ARE ONLY TWO ... THOSE STRANGE DEATH HATCHETS AND THE NAME HONGO!

C'EST BIEN! ASYET, ZE ENEMY CANNOT KNOW WE ARE IN RADJEN!



APPARENTLY THE ENEMY FOUND OUT, AFTER ALL!

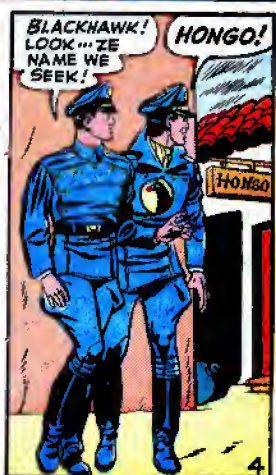
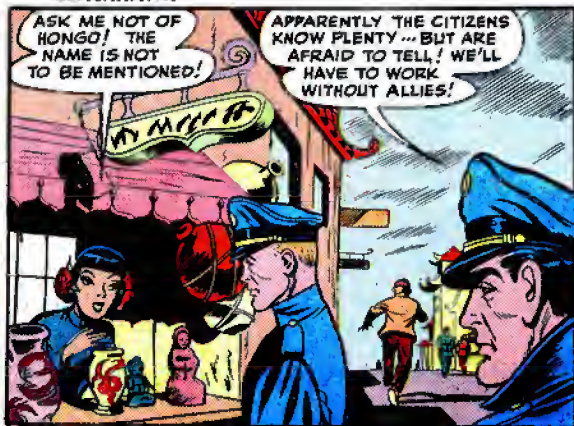
NOTE BAN TIED TO HATCHET, YA? READ IT, BLACKHAWK!

IT'S BRIEF AND UGLY! "ANY INVADING BLACKHAWKS WILL GET THEIR WINGS CLIPPED!" AND IT'S SIGNED HONGO!



NOM D'UN NOM!

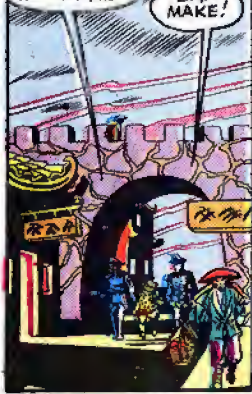




Meanwhile, Olaf and Hendrickson pursue their part of the search...

LOOK, OLAF!
IN DER
BLACKSMITH
SHOP! MEIN
HIMMEL, HE...

YA! AY BAN SEE
WHAT HE
BAN MAKE!



IT ISS TRUE,
OLAF! A
HATCHET LIKE
DER WEAPONS
DOT KILLED
DER MEN WHO
CAME TO FIND
US!

HA, FOREIGN
DEVILS,
WHY DO
YOU STARE
AT AN
HONEST
WORK-
MAN?



WE BAN WONDER
WHY YOU MAKE DAS
HATCHET! IT BAN
LOOK FAMILIAR!

FOOLISH STRANGERS
IN THIS NEIGHBOR-
HOOD! I DRIVE
YOU INTO THE
GROUND LIKE
NAILS! NONE WILL
KNOW WHAT BEFELL
YOU!



BUT AY BAN HIT
WHERE AY
BAN AIM!



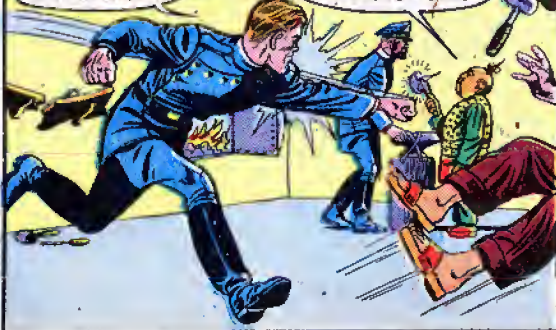
VOT A
MIGHTY
BLOW!

IT BAN
MISS
ME!



SO...BAN DROP DAS
HAMMER! NOW FIGHT
BAN EVEN, YA!

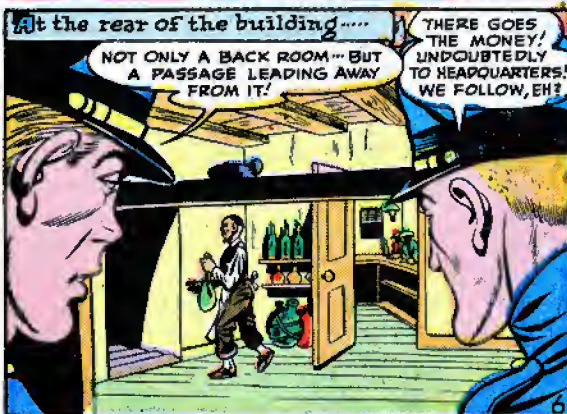
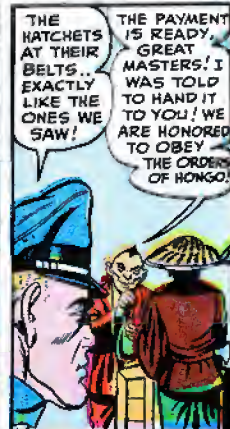
IS TRUE, HENDRICKSON!
HATCHEE LOOKEE
SAME, YOU SEE!



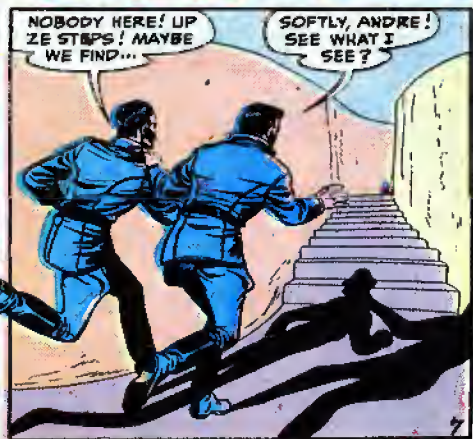
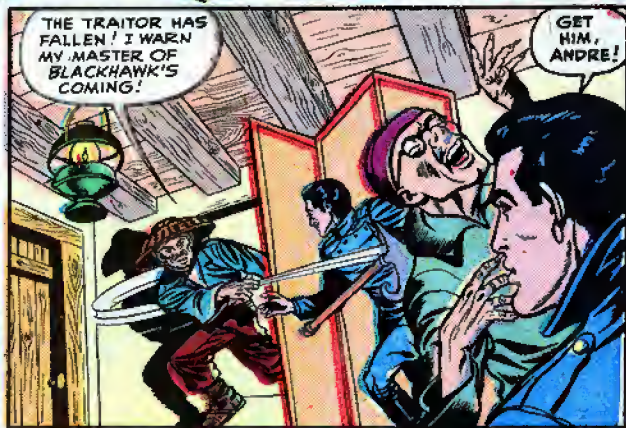
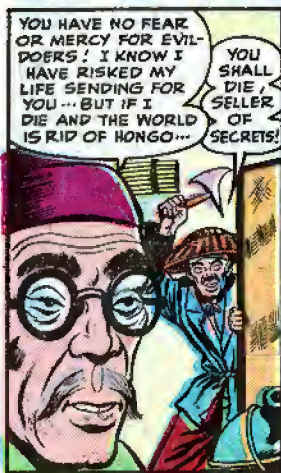
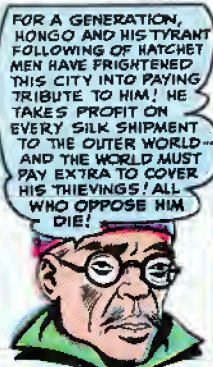
VAIT, YOU! DER
HATCHET... IT ISS
MADE FOR DER
HATCHETS
OF HONGO,
NEIN?

I WILL
NOT
SPEAK!
NEVER!

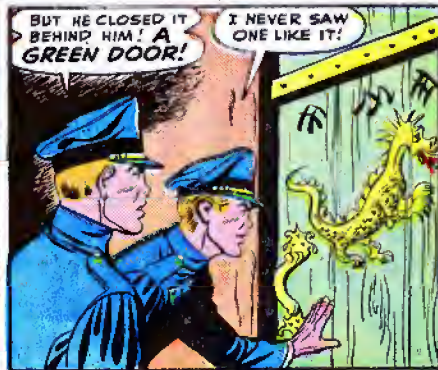
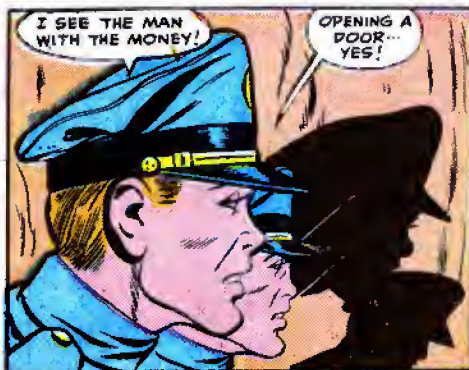




BLACKHAWK







YOU INTEREST ME STRANGELY, BLACK-HAWK! I SALUTE A MOST UNUSUAL AND BRAVE MAN, WHO VENTURES TO DEFY ME!

DON'T SPREAD IT ON SO THICK! YOU'RE NOTHING VERY FRIGHTENING OR MYSTERIOUS!

YOU'RE JUST A NERVY, GREEDY CRIMINAL WHO HAS FRIGHTENED PEACE-LOVING PEOPLE INTO SHARING THEIR POSSESSIONS WITH YOU! THEY DIDN'T DARE CHALLENGE YOU OR HUNT FOR YOU... BUT YOU WERE EASY TO FIND!

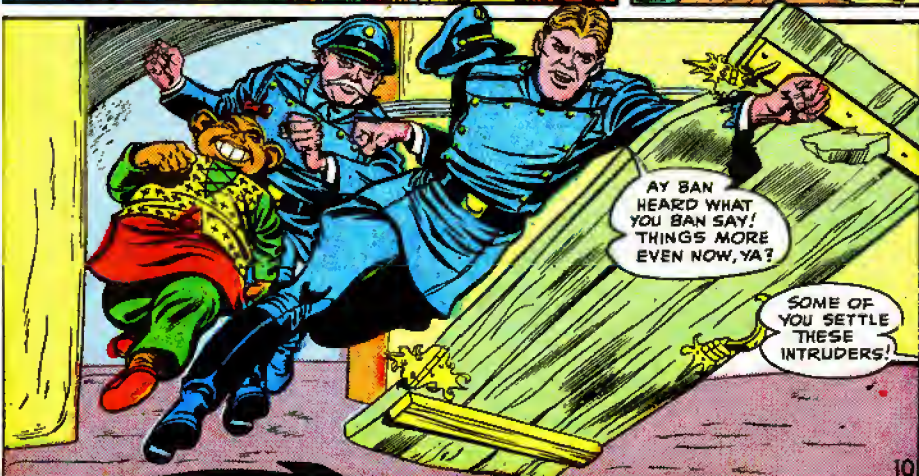
PERHAPS I MADE MYSELF EASY TO FIND AT THE END OF THAT PASSAGE! IF I DESTROY THE GREAT BLACKHAWK, IT WILL BE LONG BEFORE ANOTHER HERO COMES MEDDLING IN MY AFFAIRS!



DESTROY ME? SEND YOUR BEST MAN AGAINST ME! I'LL CONQUER HIM IN FAIR FIGHT!

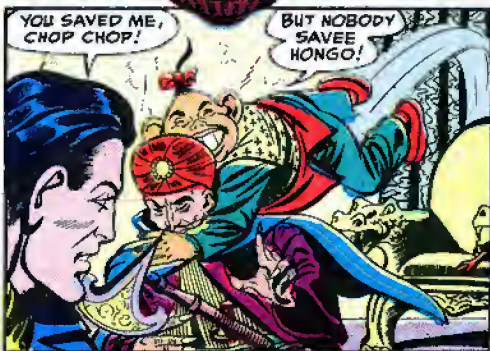
SILLY SUGGESTION! WE HAVE NOT BECOME SUCCESSFUL BY FAIR FIGHT! THEY SHALL ALL ATTACK YOU!

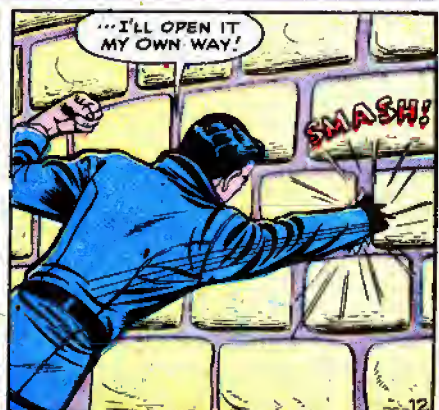
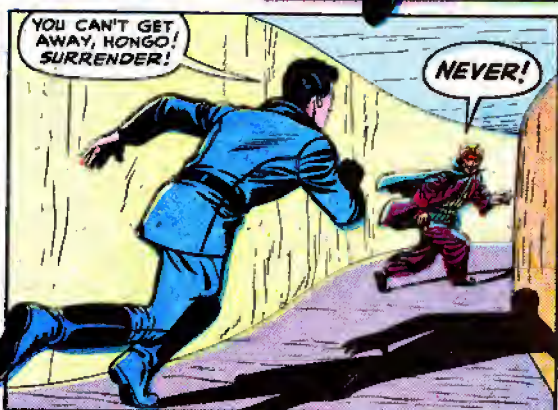
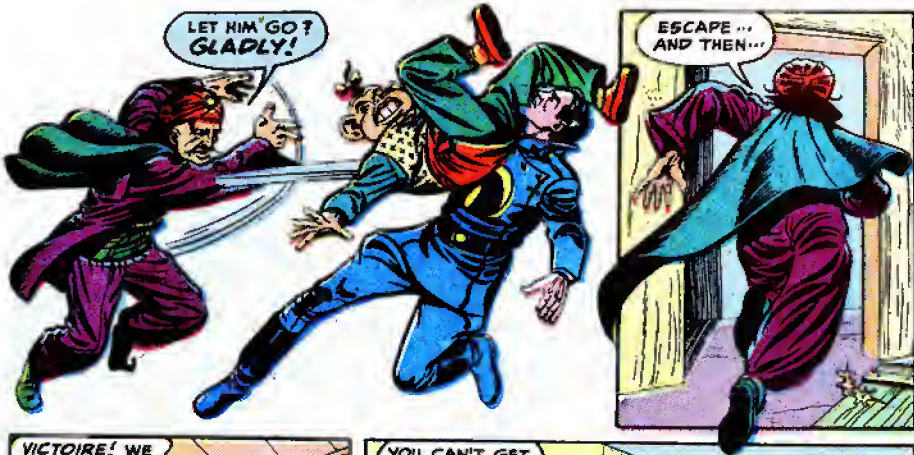
WAIT! WHAT IS THAT NOISE AT THE REAR OF THE ROOM?

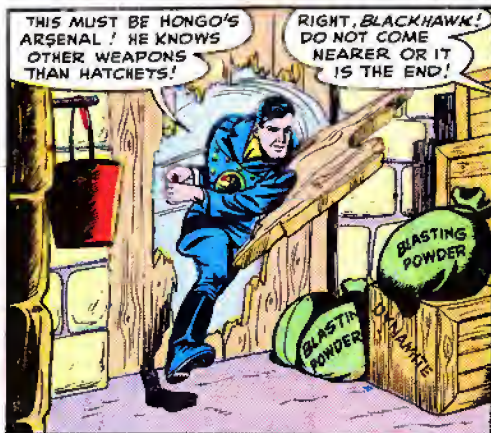


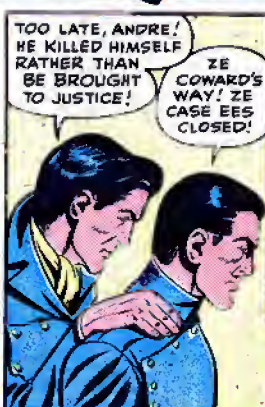
AY BAN HEARD WHAT YOU BAN SAY! THINGS MORE EVEN NOW, YA?

SOME OF YOU SETTLE THESE INTRUDERS!









Bob Feller

WORLD'S CHAMPION
STRIKE OUT - NO HIT - SPEEDBALL
"CLEVELAND INDIANS" PITCHER

Says

"BOYS and GIRLS
GET ONLY THESE ORIGINAL, GEN-
UINE, PURE, DELICIOUS FROZEN
ON-A-STICK CONFECTIONS"

ALL "POPSICLE" PRODUCTS ARE
MADE BY SELECTED ICE CREAM
MANUFACTURERS IN "APPROVED"
CLEAN SANITARY PLANTS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AND
THEY ARE SOLD EVERYWHERE!

Popsicle Pete

will send you—

FREE

**Popsicle Pete's
FUN BOOK**

GAMES

SPORTS

MAGIC

COMICS

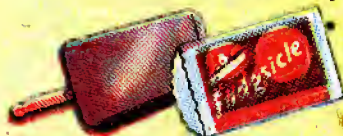
PUZZLES

HOBBIES

**ALL THIS FREE
NO BAGS — NO MONEY
SEND ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS**



COOLING — REFRESHING
VARIOUS FLAVORS



CHEWY — FUDGY
FROZEN DELIGHT



RICH ICE CREAM
DELICIOUSLY COATED



RICH ICE CREAM
CHOCOLATE COATED

**SAVE THE BAGS
GET SWELL PRIZES**

Grand gifts for bags (or bags and cash) from
these products.

Ice Cream On-A-Stick Bags are good too if
they say "LICENSED BY JOE LOWE CORPO-
RATION" and — "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR
GIFTS."

THIS WONDERFUL "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
BOOK" CHOCK FULL OF STORIES, TRICKS,
PRIZES, HOBBIES, ADVENTURE, QUIZ,
LAUGHS AND ENTERTAINMENT.

**EXTRA FREE PRIZE
CATALOG**

It goes with the "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
BOOK." It shows pictures of prizes given just
for saving bags (or bags and cash) and tells
how many bags needed for each gift.

EASY TO GET

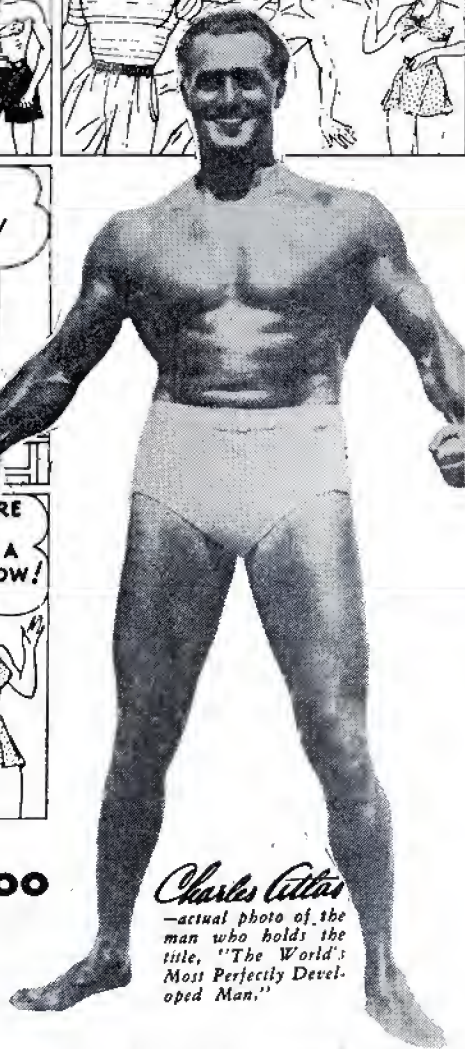
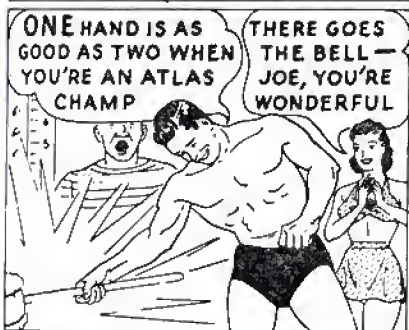
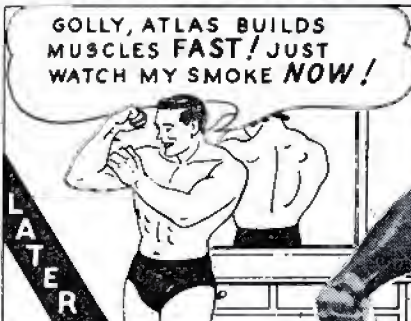
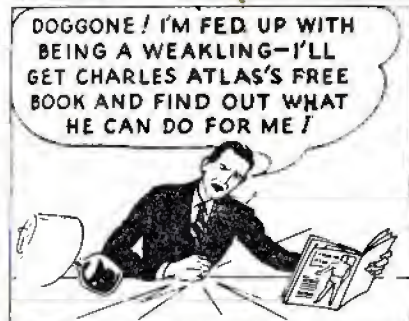
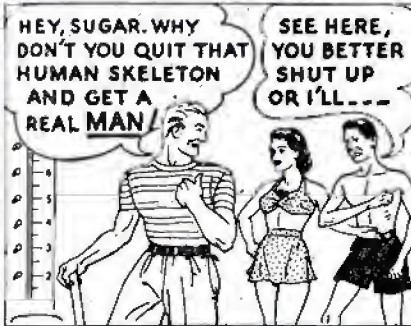
TO GET BOTH THE "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
BOOK" AND PRIZE CATALOG JUST SEND
A POSTAL CARD WITH YOUR NAME AND
ADDRESS TO

Popsicle Pete*

401 W. 26th ST., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
In Canada Address
100 Sterling Road, Toronto

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp.

The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



Charles Atlas
—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your en-

tire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 3306, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, New York.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3306

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name (Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



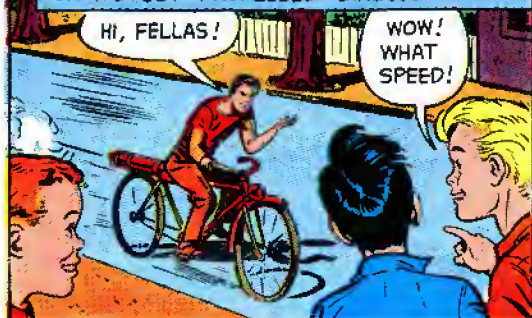
HOW
JET-PROPULSION
WORKS



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL STREAKS TO A STOP
ON HIS JET-PROPELLED BIKE...

HI, FELLAS!

WOW!
WHAT
SPEED!



GOSH, U.S. --
HOW DOES
THAT JET
ENGINE
WORK?

IT'S EASY, BOYS...
REMEMBER NEWTON'S
THIRD LAW OF MOTION:
EVERY ACTION PRO-
DUCE A RE-ACTION.



"AS THE AIR SHOOTS
OUT OF THIS BALLOON
IN ONE DIRECTION, THE
REACTION PUSHES IT IN
THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION."



AIR
KEROSENE VAPOR
COMBUSTION
CHAMBER
COMPRESSOR

"AND HERE - TO PUT IT SIMPLY - IS
HOW A JET ENGINE WORKS. AT THE
FRONT END, A COMPRESSOR... A
SORT OF FAN... FORCES AIR INTO A
COMBUSTION CHAMBER, WHERE
KEROSENE VAPOR IS MIXED
WITH IT."

WHEN A SPARK STARTS THE VAPOR
AND AIR BURNING, IT EXPANDS RAPIDLY
...SHOOTING OUT THE BACK AND
DRIVING THE ENGINE FORWARD.

SPARK
EXPANDING
GASES
JET

BUT WHAT TURNS THE
FAN UP FRONT?

SHAFT TURBINE
JET

"AH, THAT'S THE TRICKY PART!
ON THE WAY OUT, THE "JET"
OF EXPANDING GASES TURNS
A TURBINE... ANOTHER SORT OF
FAN. AND THE TURBINE TURNS
A SHAFT THAT TURNS THE
COMPRESSOR."

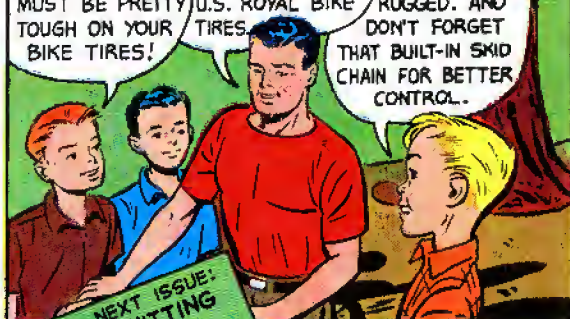
"UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST FIGHTING PLANES ARE JET-
POWERED... RACE ALONG AT 500-600 MILES PER HOUR."



GEE, U.S. ...
THAT JET-SPEED
MUST BE PRETTY
TOUGH ON YOUR
BIKE TIRES!

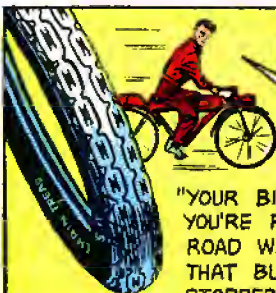
THAT'S WHY I
ALWAYS INSIST ON
U.S. ROYAL BIKE
TIRES.

THEY'RE TOUGH
AND PLENTY
RUGGED. AND
DON'T FORGET
THAT BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN FOR BETTER
CONTROL.



NEXT ISSUE:
OUTWITTING
THE
KIDNAPPERS!

THAT "BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"
GIVES ME TOP PERFORMANCE
...SAYS "U.S." ROYAL!



"YOUR BIKE COMES ALIVE IN THE SPRINTS WHEN
YOU'RE RIDIN' ON U.S. BIKE TIRES. "U.S." HOLDS THE
ROAD WITH PERFECT BALANCE, SURE TRACTION.
THAT BUILT-IN CHAIN DESIGN IS A RAPID-FIRE
STOPPER TOO, AND FOR MORE MILEAGE, U.S. IS TOPS."

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science